

512 grains of sand, they wait patiently and quietly, though hungry.
 461 They seek no shelter from the wind, preferring it to the myriads of insects lurking in any sheltered spot. And then, too, it is cool in the wind, terrifically hot away from it.

512 About midafternoon the hunters and food gatherers straggle in.
 224 They bring small crocodiles and turtles, crocodile eggs, turtle eggs,
 222 perhaps some honey; and the women return with full baskets containing changuango, a wild root that they have dug up in the savanna. They, too, may bring turtle eggs. Not always, of course. The men and the women may return with empty hands and empty baskets. In any event there is no boisterous reception, but the same silence, the same quiet acceptance of the day and what it brings as they have shown at its beginning. Fires are built larger, the women roast the roots, the men help with the turtles and the crocodiles. These are placed whole on the fire until the shells are toasted and then they are cracked open. Wives become busy delousing their husbands, using a carved stick to help in the search. Sometimes the lice are picked and eaten. But the bodies of the men are covered with numerous black blisters, showing that they have suffered the daily torment from the insects. The wife crushes all of these blisters with the same delousing tool.

512 Dinner is a gala time. Calabash dishes containing the various
 264 courses are placed in the center of the ring formed by each family.
 262 The food is picked up and carried to the mouth with the fingers. There are crocodile eggs. These are opened and the contents are sucked up raw. The same is done with the turtle eggs. There is the course of roasted changuango, and the pieces of turtle meat. But the real delicacy is crocodile, the best meat of all. The crocodile is eaten in its entirety, except for the entrails, and when the dinner is over some of it is left by the fire, an open invitation to anyone to fill any empty portion of his stomach. The stomachs become distended as tremendous quantities of food are swallowed. This is the only real meal of the day, and the fear of a dinnerless tomorrow drives the eaters to exceptional feats of gourmandizing until their bodies can hold no more. The lean dogs fight among themselves over the refuse heaps. The vultures glide overhead or are busy at crocodile entrails.

512 There is no after dinner work—no kitchen or table ware to wash,
 517 nothing to spoil the proper enjoyment of a full stomach. They eat
 776 until they have had enough, and then they move to the east of the fires to lie on the clean sands and watch the sun hide beneath the western horizon. For about half an hour they watch the ever-changing colorful western sky and when rays of light emanate from below the horizon to streak the heavens with blue and gold and white, they